Heaven gives us friends to bless the present state
Reasumes them to prepare us for the next

Published by J. Roach, Woburn Street, opposite New Drury Theatre Royal, August 20th 1794.

Roach's

Beauties of the Poets

OF

GREAT BRITAIN

Carefully Selected & Arranged

From the Works of

The most Admired Authors

Particularly

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&c. &c.

In Six Volumes

VOL I

LONDON.

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ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POET'S.

EVENING REFLECTIONS

written in

WESTMINSTER ABBEY;

NIGHT THOUGHTS

Among the Tombs,

by the Rev.d *Mr. Moore,*

The GRAVE, by R. Blair,

& *GRAY'S ELEGY in a Country Church Yard.*

LONDON. Printed for and by J. Roach, Woburn Street, opposite New Drury Theatre Royal August 20.th 1794.

Price Sixpence.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EVENING REFLECTIONS

WRITTEN IN

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The following Reflections, suggested by a contemplative walk among the Monuments in Westminster Abbey, as they hold out lessons of moment and importance to men in general, are worthy the remembrance and regard of all.

G. W.

I.

HAIL, sacred Fane! amidst whose stately shrines,
Her constant vigils Melancholy keeps;*
(Whilst on her arm her grief-worn cheek reclines)
And o'er the spoils of human grandeur weep.

* The long drawn aisles and pensive vaults of this venerable pile of Gothic magnificence, diffuse over the mind a pleasing melancholy; while the eye is on every side attracted by the storied urn and animated bust, which commemorate the virtues of the monarch, the abilities of the statesman, or the achievements of the hero.

II.

Hail, ancient edifice! thine aisle along,
In contemplation wrapt, now let me stray;
And stealing from the idly-busy throng,
Devoutly meditate the moral lay.

III.

What pleasing sadness fills my thoughtful breast
Whene'er my steps these gloomy mansions trace,
Where, in their sumptuous tombs, in silence rest,
The honour'd ashes of the British race!

IV.

Here terminate ambition's airy schemes,
The syren pleasure here allures no more;
Here grov'ling av'rice drops her golden dreams,
And life's fantastic trifles are all o'er.

V.

No cares nor passions here the bosom rend,
Here wasting pain and earthly troubles cease;
Here hopeless love and cruel hatred end,
And the world's weary trav'ler rests in peace.

VI.

Approach, vain child of fortune, pow'r, and fame!
Here learn a lesson from each speaking bust;
View on each lofty tomb the envied name
Of worldly greatness, levelled in the dust.

How

VII.

How each high pers'nage once, how honour'd, read;
How low, how little now, look down and see;
Hence learn to know thyself; for 'tis decreed,
That thou as little, and as low shalt be.

VIII.

Full many a hapless victim yet unborn,
O death all conq'ring! at thy feet must fall,
Before the dawning of that glorious morn,
When thou shalt yield, and God be all in all.

IX.

Then from the silent grave and op'ning tomb
Shall each reviving tenant lift its head,
And this time honour'd abbey's crouded womb
Resign its treasures of illustrious dead.

X.

E'en now, methinks, by faith's pervading eye
I see his banner in the clouds display'd,
And the world's Saviour, from his throne on high,
Descend in purest robes of light array'd.

XI.

Great day of gladness to the good and just,
When they shall taste the wonders of his love;
And rising joyful from their beds of dust,
Ascend triumphant to the realms above.

XII.

Then shall the finish'd bust, the sculptur'd stone,
And all the labour of the artist's hand
Dissolve; and virtue's solid base alone
Amidst the gen'ral wreck of matter stand.

XIII.

Yea, should creation founder in the storm,
And whelming perish in this awful doom,
Yet shall celestial virtue's angel form
Survive, and flourish in immortal bloom.

XIV.

Then shall the good resolve, the gen'rous deed,
And noble conflict in religion's cause,
Be well rewarded; 'tis by Heav'n decreed—
And surely meet at judgment God's applause.

XV.

O be it then our wisdom to secure
Those glorious crowns that shine for ever bright:
Crowns that adorn the faithful and the pure,
In the blest mansions of eternal light.

TOMBSTONE LECTURES.

ADDRESSED TO ALL.

A lecture silent, but of sov'reign use.
YOUNG.

"WHEN I look on the tombs of the *Great*," says Mr. ADDISON, "every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the *Beautiful*, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of Parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with horror and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and de-

bates of mankind; when I read the several dates of those who died but as yesterday, and some *six hundred* years ago, I consider that *great day* when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.

NIGHT

NIGHT THOUGHTS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

BY THE LATE Mr. MOORE,

OF CORNWALL.

However my unsocial hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantry, let every evening in her sable habit toll the bell to serious consideration.

HERVEY.

STRUCK with religious awe and solemn dread,
I view these gloomy mansions of the dead;
Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,
And in mute language teach me to be wise.
Time was these ashes liv'd; a time must be,
When others thus may stand and look at me.*

Here,

* *Well does yonder tombstone say——*
'As I am now, so you must be;
Prepare in time to follow me.'

Here, blended, lie the aged and the young,
The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng:
Death conquers all, and Time's subduing hand,
Nor tombs, nor marble statues can withstand.
Mark yonder ashes, in confusion spread!
Compare earth's living tenants with the dead!
How striking the resemblance, yet how just!
Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust:
Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,
The streams of life in various channels play'd;
Perhaps that skull, so horrible to view,
Was some fair maid's, ye belles! as fair as you.
These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,
Where the loves sported, and in triumph reign'd:
Here glow'd the lips; there white as Parian stone,
The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.
This is life's goal—no farther can we view;
Beyond it, all is wonderful and new.
O say, ye spirits, in a future state,
Why do you hide the secrets of your fate?
Nor tell your endless pains or joys to none,
Is it that men may live by faith alone?
The grave has eloquence, its lectures teach,
In silence louder than divines can preach;
Hear what it says—ye sons of folly! hear;
It speaks to you—lend an attentive ear:
It bids you lay all vanity aside;
An humbling lecture this for human pride.
The clock strikes twelve—how solemn is the sound!
Hark, how the strokes from hollow vaults rebound!

They

They bid us hasten to be wise, and show
How rapid in their course our minutes flow.
Now airy shapes, and hideous spectres dance
Athwart imagination's vivid glance;
The felon now attacks the miser's door,
And ruthless murder prints her steps with gore;
Dull fancy now her dreary path pursues,
'Midst groves of cypress, and unhallow'd yews;
Poetic visions vanish from my brain,
And my pulse throbs as feebly as my strain.
What means this sudden, strange, unusual start,
This solemn something creeping to my heart?
Why fear to read a gracious God's decree?
Why fear to look on that I soon must be?
Can man be thoughtless of his end; or proud
Of charms that claim the coffin and the shroud?
Come, let him read these sculptur'd tombstones o'er,
Here fix his thoughts, and then be vain no more.
Let proud ambition learn this lesson hence,
Howe'er distinguish'd, dignify'd for sense;
Whate'er the honour'd ensigns of renown,
The cap, the hood, the mitre, or the crown,
Death levels all; nor parts our pow'rs can save;
Milton himself must moulder in the grave,
Who sung and prov'd with inspiration strong,
The soul immortal, in immortal song.
Hark! thus death speaks; ingenious sons of men,
Why boast the chisel, pencil, or the pen?
Will Fame, who oft denies her children bread,
Deceive the living, discompose the dead?
No;

No; fame's a breath, it cannot worth supply,
Nor yield you comfort when you come to die:
In my dark realms all opposites agree,
The heirs of wealth, and sons of poverty.
Whose tomb is this? It says, 'tis *Mira's* tomb,
Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest bloom;
Attend, ye fair, ye thoughtless, and ye gay;
For Mira dy'd upon the *nuptial* day!
The grave, cold bridegroom! clasp'd her in his arms,
And kindred worms destroy'd her pleasing charms.
In yonder tomb the old *Alvaro* lies;
(Once he was rich, the word esteem'd him wise)
Schemes unaccomplish'd labour'd in his mind,
And all his thoughts were to *this* world confin'd;
Death came unlook'd for; from his grasping hands,
Down dropp'd his bags, and mortgages of lands!
Beneath that sculptur'd pompous marble stone
Lies youthful *Florio*, aged *twenty-one*:
Cropp'd like a flower he wither'd in his bloom,
Tho' flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come.
Ye silken sons, ye Florios of the age!
Who tread in giddy maze, life's flow'ry stage,
Mark here the end of man, in Florio see,
What you and all the sons of mirth must be.
There low in dust the vain *Hortensio* lies,
Whose splendor was beheld with envious eyes;
Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
With a long hist'ry of his noble race:
Still after death his vanity survives,
And on his tomb, all of Hortensio lives!

Around

Around me, as I turn my wand'ring eyes,
Uncumber'd graves in awful prospects rise,
Where stones say only when their owners died,
If young, or aged, and to whom allied;
On others, pompous epitaphs are spread,
In mem'ry of the virtues of the dead:
Vain waste of praise! since flatt'ring or sincere,
The judgment day alone will make appear.
How silent is the little spot of ground!
How melancholy looks each object round!
Here man dissolv'd, in shatter'd ruin lies
So fast asleep—as if no more to rise;
'Tis strange to think, how these dead bones can live,
Leap into form, and with new heat revive!
Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,
Know its own place, its former figure take;
But whence these doubts? when the last trumpet sounds
Thro' heav'n's expanse to earth's remotest bounds,
The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,
And view again the long extinguish'd day;
Cheer'd with this pleasing hope, I safely trust
Th' Almighty's pow'r to raise me from the dust;
On his unfailing promises rely,
And all the horrors of the grave defy;
Death! where's thy sting? Grave! where's thy victory?

THE

THE RICH MAN's DREAM;

OR,

DEATH LEVELS ALL.

God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not in dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man. JOB xxxiii, 14.

I dream'd that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And as so mean an object shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried:
'Scoundrel! begone, and henceforth touch me not,
More manners learn, and at a distance rot.'
'Scoundrel!' then, with a haughtier tone, cried he,
'Proud lump of earth! I scorn thy words and thee!
Here all are equal, now my case is thine,
That is thy rotting place, and this is mine.'

Pride was not made for Man.

* Night visions may befriend. YOUNG.

THE

THE

GRAVE.

By ROBERT BLAIR.

In the following well known Poem (written by a clergyman of Edinburgh, and first published in the year 1743) many important admonitions are held out, and solemn truths inculcated and enforced.

Most of the characters which mankind sustain in the present state; many of the pursuits of men in general here below, together with the vanity and emptiness of every earthly pleasure and enjoyment, are herein pourtrayed in the most lively and striking colours; well deserving the attention and regard of you, of me, of all. G. W.

The Grave is mine House, Job xvii. 30.
The House appointed for all living. Job xxx. 23.

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying thro' life: the task be mine,
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! what potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd! Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night!
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together; or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make the night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Chearless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds;
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fame; the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the most illustrious dead.
The wind is up; hark how it howls! methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaister'd and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,

The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumber,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
  Quite round the pile or row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged shew,
Long lash'd with the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here;
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about:
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd;
Such tales their cheer, at wake, or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.
  Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen
By glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up;
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels.
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,

That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock*.
The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied;
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead;
Lifeless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lovely grave of the dear man
She drops! whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Still clings more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave! how durst thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweet'ner of life and solder † of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay:
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,

And

---

* This natural and striking picture well deserves general admiration.

† Strengthener, or uniter.

And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. *Oft when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
Upon the slooping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along,
In grateful errors thro' the under wood
Sweet murm'ring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smelt sweeter, and the rose
Affirm'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. O! the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance.
Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Stak'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face:
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,

* Where heart meets heart reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

YOUNG.

And make ev'n thick-lip'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From Kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work;
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features and how wan thy hue
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? pliant and pow'rless now;
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;

O cruel

O cruel irony! these come too late,
And only mock whom they are meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar, born to rot in state!
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on
Stately and slow; and properly attended *
By the whole sable trible, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad †.
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy shew: whilst from the casements,
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carease
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us
Amidst the gorgeous figures you exhibit,

Why

---

* Solemn and slow it moves unto the tomb,
While weighty sorrows nod on every plume.
WATTS.

† Mournful hypocrisy this truly is.

Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done,
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st *!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the Grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd, to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n;
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,

The

---

* Well may it be engraven on the tombs of deceased nobility.

Here lies the Great—false marble! where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins!
  Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing time; her cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them;
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up his charge;
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
  Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood:
Th' oppressive, sturdy, mad destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste;
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert;
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighb'ring grounds of arm as short;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,

Of the same common nature with his lord)
Now tame and humble like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hand with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground,
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind;
The Grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steal'st so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And give'st it a new pulse unknown before;
The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks, I see thee with thy head laid low;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worms in lazy volumes roll'd
Riot unfear'd. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at the glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion, please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew drops on the bell of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain

Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength too, thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden, let me trace it;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, grasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong built sinewy limbs and well spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
On what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last! See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that bawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still: What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine *? What means the bull,
Unconscious

---

* Thy strength is weakness, and thy boasting vain,
Death o'er the strongest will a vict'ry gain:
All soon or late must by his dart be slain.

Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man?
Who knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well invented knife.
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight invigorating tube *;
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon very soon thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers by.
Great man of language! whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,

The

* The Telescope.

The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-turn'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been;
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribble
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narative, or duller rhymes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate.* Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand! from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!

* The best physicians cannot save
The mselves or patients from the grave

Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole discreditable shift!
From back and belly too their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd;
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs;
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in!
Aye, now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O! cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come.
In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of his clay tenement!
Runs to each avennue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully he looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood! and ev'ry groan

She heaves is big with horror; but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
  Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulph in view!
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature turns back and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part.
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair,
This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
  If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning from the barren womb of nothing
Whence first they sprung: then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd;

And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self murder! name it not: our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states;
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictates,
Self preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, heaven! let not upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of his own lord. Dreadful attempt;
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard of tortures
Must be reserved for such; these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not; this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that keep their destin'd stand,
And wait the appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.

Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick; to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
O! that some courtier's ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death; 'twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, you shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'iis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord; the cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,

The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! scarce a skull's turn'd up
But well he know its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot hath walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale! when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade,
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
The very first swoll'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,

And carries off his prize. What is the world?
What! but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones;
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Icelander, and the sun-burnt Moor:
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the ballance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts;
Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.

The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch;
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long demurring maid
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand,
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tales;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous and the brave:
The just, the good, the worthless, the prophane,
The dowright clown, and the perfect well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern:
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,

He stamp'd thee with his image; and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like to sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their sev'ral parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within; no fell remorse,
Nor anxious casting up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom; summer seas
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds,
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The gen'rous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing more perfect in its kind.
Bless'd, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things! what sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day, most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire: not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when strait he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,

And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish'd odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay;
And drives the loiter forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd:
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try: nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen is success.
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used guest,
Not to return; or if it did, its visits
Like those of angels, short, and far between;
Whilst the black demon, with his hell scamp'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel;
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin,
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee,

Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds;
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields, for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shores it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauties with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so trancendantly malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dead blow is struck.
But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd

My

My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause—and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all these ampler desarts death hath spread!
The chaos of mankind. O great man eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not stated yet!
Unheard of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none,
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands at each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full,
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;
As if diseases, massacres and poison,
Famine and war were not thy caterers.
But know, thou must not render up the dead,
And with high interest too! They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution,
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long long sleepers into life,
Day-light and liberty.*
Then must thy gates fly open and reveal

* 1 Corinthians xv. 52.
1 Thessalonians iv. 16.

The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd: but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illustrious Deliver of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding left,*
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall.)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that he most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left.† This having done,
He mounted up to heaven: methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the sev'ring clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold.
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in:‡
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,

* Psalms lxviii. 18.
† John xx. 28.
‡ Psalms xxiv. 7. 9.

But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye road
To bliss.* Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That lead to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwrithing bloom,
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So I have seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
Fast by the riv'let's brink a youngster play;
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home; and lands us safe

On

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* The sacred scriptures assure us there is but one way to heaven, and that is through faith in Jesus Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life. JOHN xiv. 6

On the long-wish'd for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hope, see how he reaches
After the prize in view! and like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away;
Whilst the glad gates of life were wide expanded
To let new glories in; the first fair fruits
Of the fast coming harvest! Then, O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.* O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy. The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half never to sunder more.

Well may it be said, a serious look at things temp ors looks them into nothing.

Nor shall it hope in vain; the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or on the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate;* and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence ye prophane!
Ask not, how this can be? sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.†
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not inattentive to the call, shall wake;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd

Singling

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* Revelations xx. 13.

† The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised. 1 Cor. xv. 52.

Singling its other half into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new-come home, who having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry diff'rent room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death shall ever part them more.*
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night:
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone,
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

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* Thrice happy Christians! who when time is o'er,
Shall meet in realms of bliss to part no more.
1 Cor. xv. 44. 49.

AN

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

By Mr. GRAY.

The church-yard abounds with images, which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments, to which every bosom returns an echo. Dr. JOHNSON.

THE curfew* tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stilness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save

* An evening bell appointed by William the Conqueror, to remind people to rake out their fires and put out their lights.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, who wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,*
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let

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* The term *for ever* had better been rendered forgotten, as all must rise again at the judgment day, to be acquitted or condemned by the Son of God, according to their works.

REVELATIONS XX. 12.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevetable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.*

Nor you, ye proud ; impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er the tomb no trophies raise ;
Where thro' the long drawn isle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire :
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But

* All must die, whether high or low ; noble or unknown; our pursuits, however commendable and praiseworthy, must end in death.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unrol ;*
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And wastes its sweetness on the desart air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrants of his fields withstood :
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise ;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd :
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The

* Whatever abilities persons may be possessed of, if there e no opportunities of displaying them, will be of little no service either to the possessors of them, or the com-unity.

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And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The

* Whatever abilities persons may be possessed of, if there e no opportunities of displaying them, will be of little no service either to the possessors of them, or the com-unity.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.*

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On

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* Contentment in our different stations of life, is the only way to sublunary happiness: for what can distress that man who wants no more than he possesses, whether he has more or less?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted sires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led:
Some kindred spirit should enquire thy fate;

Happy some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That writhes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.*

One

*- - - - - - - - - sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
- - - - - - - - - there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging to love. THOMSON.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne,
Approach, and read (for thou canst) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune, and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God.

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